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Puck

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WAITING.



PUCK

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KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,

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PUCK notes in some quarters a disposition to ask the Statesmen of the land embarrassing questions on the subject of "Who Shall Dig The Panama Canal." The Perambulating Delegate on the look out for burning questions wherewith to earn his salary is casting his eye upon this one and we judge from little straws that are blowing in the direction of the wind



that he finds it hot enough to suit his purpose—which in the main it must be remembered is merely conversational. It is part of his campaign as the staunch friend of American Labor to demand that the brawn and sinew of this Nation shall be preferred for this job. As he figures it out it is going to be a pretty lucrative one, and the great army of workers who have engaged him to look after their interests he stands ready to fight for and in the event of victory to consign to—what? A harvest of some kind awaits the operation and it is not very problematical what that harvest will be with the grim reaper himself waiting on the Isthmus for the dividends that he seeks. Even the Chinese who can stand much that American labor will not stand for have had some experience in this locality.

It is recorded that of one thousand celestials employed in the construction of the Panama Railway seven hundred died on the Isthmus and the remainder departed in hot haste to escape a similar fate. PUCK's advice to American Labor is to think about this matter twice and to take no decisive action one way or another until some thousand of their walking delegates have first gone to the scene of action, tried the work for a year and come back to report the results of their experiment.

It is surprising what a large number of intrinsically great humorists are to be found to-day in positions of enormous commercial responsibility. Every little while we find in our Magazines long articles on the subject of the Literary Man in Politics which would seem to prove that the public takes an interest in the avocations of great men. As yet, however, the Funny Man in Commerce seems to have escaped the attention of the scribe, and PUCK, ever willing to extend a helping hand to those in need, herewith donates to the magazinist in search of a topic this most alluring subject. Dr. Depew's activities as a Civil Engineer on the New York Central Railway are already a part of the history of the patrician City of Albany. The subtle humor of Andrew, Lord Skibo, Duke of Alleghany, has for long been subject to much flattering comment outside of steel circles. The jocularities of our good friend Mr. H. H. Vreeland of the Metropolitan Franchise and Car Ahead Company of New York while not quite as famous as the best bon-bons of speech of Talleyrand, La Rochefoucauld or Marshal P. Wilder are nevertheless pregnant with quiet humor, and now on top of them comes the revelation of a broadly farcical wheel in the mental machinery of Mr. Eben B. Thomas, the President of the Lehigh Valley Commuters Club, and General Manager of the Anthracite Diamond Mines of Pennsylvania. It is PUCK's business to discover funny men and if possible to get them to do his work for him, and we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Thomas is the most promising specimen of a humorist that ever came out of the Coal fields. His little jest recently syndicated by all the Anti-Trust newspapers of the land that "Coal is not a necessity" we regard as one of the most brilliant epigrams since that of Marie Antoinette, who when told that the poor of Paris were without bread asked why they did not fill up on Lobster à la Newburg. It is a *mot* that like the Damascus Boomerang cuts both ways and then, not content with the havoc wrought, twists itself about in the middle of its victim like an electric fan on hari-kari bent. We congratulate Mr. Thomas on



the addition he has made to the fund of American humor and respectfully venture to hope that he will keep it up. A few more similar jests—like "an umbrella is a nuisance on a wet day," "bread is but bric-a-brac," "poverty is luxury" or "for a boon companion give me the walking delegate" will give fixity to his star of humor now in the ascendant. As an earnest of his sincerity, PUCK publicly offers Mr. Thomas two dollars apiece for any other jests of equal value that he may happen to have in mind, in hand, or pigeon-holed for want of a favorable market.

A GENTLEMAN of the name of Russell Sage, a prominent coin collector of New York, has written an article for a weekly newspaper devoted to the promulgation of Thoughts on "The Injustice of Vacations." It seems that the author has not himself taken a vacation of any kind in the whole of his career. What particular branch of human effort he took up at the hour of his birth he does not tell us, but that he has never taken even so little as a day off to attend his grand-mother's funeral at the Polo Grounds, or a night to sit up with a sick friend at Sherry's or the Waldorf-Astoria, is clear from the tenor of his observations. This being true it is not surprising to find Mr. Sage advocating the abolition of vacations. Most men are tempted to argue from the standpoint of their own experience and what Mr. Sage has not needed Mr. Sage necessarily thinks no one else needs—not even the paltry two weeks



that come to the struggling clerks and book-keepers of our great commercial houses. Ordinarily it would be possible to answer such an argument as he advances by personal abuse—things like "he has led an unlovely life;" "he has brought little sunshine into the paths of others;" "his old age is not one of joyous happiness and pleasure;" "he is regarded all over the country as a parsimonious man from whom nobody ever expected a generous, sympathetic, or humane sentiment" and so on. But in this exceptional case surely the critic of his utterances is non-plussed for in the face of Mr. Sage's known character what can one say? Here is a man generous to a fault; always helping others; his benefactions the talk we might almost say of the whole continent; the evidence of his public spirit showing in almost every square of his native city of Shenandoah, New York; the City of his adoption groaning under the weight of the rich gifts he is constantly pouring into her lap; the poor rising up on every side out of their squalid misery and calling him blessed for the helpful hand, the cheering word, the material quiet assistance which he extends so lavishly to all; the sick, the maimed, the halt—all uplifted and sent on their way rejoicing by this simple modest Samaritan. What can the critic say when such a man speaks thus? Words fail, for circumstances falter. All we can do is to be silent in the face of such a pronouncement from such a pen and await the crowning of the lovely career with a fitting epitaph:

HERE LIES RUSSELL SAGE.
AN UNCLE TO ALL.
GONE TO HIS FIRST REST.

SPEAKING of safe and sane Democracy it would n't be a bad idea, now, would it, if the Convention at St. Louis had an attack of the simon pure article, and deserting Populism, Socialism, Silence and Sciolism, were to cast an eye on peachy little Delaware and give it the post of honor in this coming conflict by placing the name of George Gray at the head of the Democratic Ticket? There are several people outside of the State of Delaware who have heard of George Gray; it is known that whenever he travels he never attempts to evade the duties by smuggling his views over the frontier; when he comes to express them he does not need a megaphone to carry them through the ether to the perception of those who wish to learn what they are, and in the long list of his public utterances on State questions of weighty import he has never yet permitted them to be published in red ink or to be signed by Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. These are considerations which would appear to make of Judge Gray a highly desirable candidate.



WE KNOW of no more unpleasant person in Society at large than the man who after a great event comes around and says "I told you so." Nevertheless PUCK cannot at this moment refrain from indulging in a little of this vain glory. Our columns will bear witness to the fact that as long ago as June 1st, 1904, we predicted the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt by the Republican Party for the presidential office. The jeers and fleers of those who regarded this prophecy as absurd, foolish, impossible of fulfillment and all that, we can afford in the light of history to treat with silent contempt.



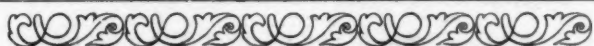
DISCREET MARY.

Miss Mary Jones has manners most refined;
With natural curls and cultivated mind.
Whene'er she sees rude youths in passing by,
She hums a tune and looks up at the sky.
And wisely thus (as in the cut we see)
She always strives to shun low company.

THE BILIOUSTINE

Boygraft Sofa Pillow

ONE of Fra McGinnis' best skin games. Made very boygraftie from two sheepskins with the woolly side out, tied with clothesline and stuffed with Boygrafters' hair. Hand-illumined portrait of the Fra in the corner. Lovely thing. Price, only \$18. ♣ ♣



Extra Special

FRA MCGINNIS is preparing to harvest his winter crop of hair, which will be done into special pillows for the super-elect. A few locks, extra long, have been reserved for watch fobs; handbraided by Saintess Estelle, with wrought-iron seal by Saint Bill, the Boygraft Blacksmith. Very precious. Will be sent on suspicion. ♣

THE BOYGRAFTERS, EAST AURORA, ILL.

McGinnis' Hair. That's all!

R. L. T.

WOULD SHOW NO MERCY.

HOGAN (*calling on next-door neighbor*).—I suppose ye've heard th' illigant, classical music that's bin imynatin' frum me residence for th' pasht wake or so? We got wan av thim mechanical pianny-players on thrile.

CLANCY (*fiercely*).—On thrile, is it? Glory be! I only wisht I wor th' judge!

IN THE LINE OF PROGRESS.

"RADIUM is said to cure several complaints but it is so expensive."

"Yes. I suppose the druggists will soon be offering us something just as good."

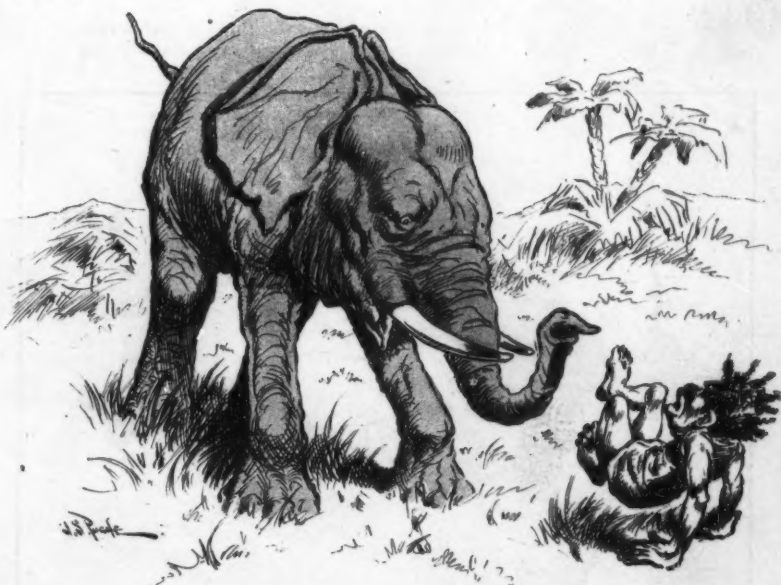
WALKING.

"YOU ARE a walking encyclopedia?"

Hypatia colored.

"Yes; Papa was on the wrong side of copper and had to sell the horses," she said, with simple candor.

Of course, an encyclopedia's an encyclopedia for a' that and a' that.



SOMEWHAT DOUBTFUL.

THE QUADRUPED.—I'm going to teach you a lesson!
THE BIPED.—I—I hope I'll live and learn!

Often by the time a man gets any laurels to rest on, he has contracted chronic insomnia.

PUCK

HANS AND HIS CHUMS.

No. 44.

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I.
"I 'm very much surprised," said Hans, "to see you here, my chums. Swim out, you drones, this minute, or I 'll set you doing sums."



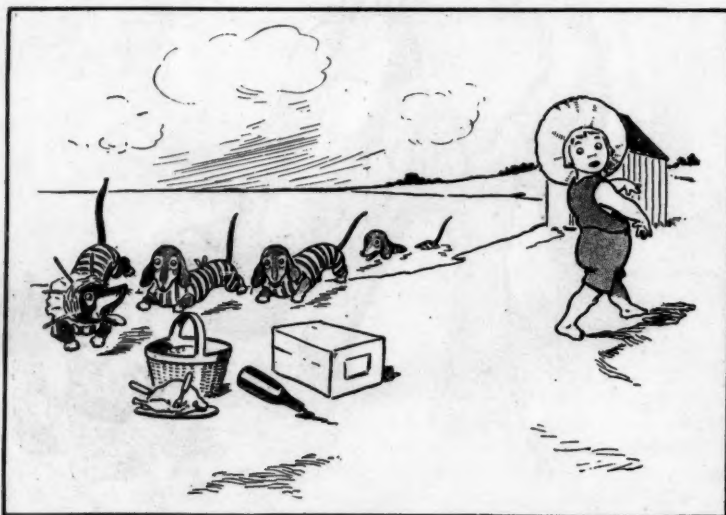
II.
"He sends us off," growled Dackel, "so the lunch will be for him; But never mind, we 'll fix him, and beside, we 'll have a swim."



III.
"Now, follow close," were Dackel's words, "we 'll give him such a scare, He 'll drop the lunch, and everything, and leave it all right there."



IV.
And Hans, a moment later, shouted, "What is that I see? As I live, a staring serpent coming out the Zuyder Zee."



V.
Then he left in haste the luncheon, just as Dackel said he would; But, alas! He looked behind him. And alack! He understood.



VI.
"O, cruel fate!" then Dackel cried, "our life has lost its zest. While Master bids us breast the waves, he waves a bit of breast."

A beautiful woman may say anything; but happily she mostly does n't know how.



SIR DULCIMER; OR, THE SPACIOUS TIMES OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

[MARY JOHNSTON.]

[SYNOPSIS. — Sir Dulcimer Drule, a gentleman adventurer and amateur astronomer, sails overseas to prove that love makes the world go round, but that in reality it is flat. He falls into the hands of the Spaniards, who compel him, by torture, to confess that the earth is an isosceles triangle. Overwhelmed with shame, he joins an expedition in search of the Fountain of Youth, but failing to find it he returns to England and lives happily ever after.]

CHAPTER V.

(See Synopsis for Chapters I—IV.)



MISS SACCHARISSA raised her satin-valanced lids for one swift glance.

"Going away?" she breathed, in murmurous iteration.

"Ay, dear lady," said Sir Dulcimer Drule, leaning his face against an oak; "to the King of Spain his seas, to palm and tamarind-fringed shores and crystal bays—to Ponce de Leon his fountain—to gleaming hulls and castellated poops, westering suns and sapphire seas."

"From here?" the maid of honor asked, her brown and cosmic orbs widening in a dreamy wonder.

"From here," he said; "from this garden of Hesperides, this Elysian vicinage, this no other Eden, this near-Paradise. Where I go, dear lady, I can not say in good sooth or certitude. But I hear the hum of Clotho's wheel, and methinks the hag spins moats and crocodiles, Jove and lightnings, cannon and culverin, pike and cutlass, and red, red gold."

"To-day?"

Fell the syllables like amaranthine petals from the subtly charming calyx of her lips.

"Ay, this day," he answered; "this ineffable day of white and blue, of fluting birds and plashing fountains, enamelled turfs and gilded rose-trees. Yet ere I adventure forth to tempest or to doldrums, there is something I wish to say to thee."

The enraptured maid of honor sat with level gaze and upturned ear, as one that hearkened to "some late lark singing."

"Something to say to me?" she tinkled.

"Something," he answered, "that the Phrygian shepherd pipes from heights Parnassian what time the vernal blossoms blow; something the sapphire wavelets whisper to the golden sands in sempiternal moments vocal with the silences of æons past and yet to come."

Mistress Saccharissa kept to the card. "To me?" she asked, loosening the high Elizabethan ruff about the white column of her throat.

"To thee," replied Sir Dulcimer, with an impetuous restraint that became him well. "To thee, Honey-Wax, that prisoneth within my heart a song so sweet there is no music in the night-ingle."

"I did ever love grand words," the maid of honor said; "and this, good gentleman, is the grandest talk I have ever heard. How shall I requite thee?"

He knelt before her on the enamelled slope.

"A charm I crave," he said, "a talisman 'gainst the assaults of Neptune his waters and Boreas his winds."

From beneath a cloth of gold beside her on the mossy bank Saccharissa took a silver-mounted phonograph, set with gems of Ind. And as she gave it into his eager hands she murmured, with a crescent splendor on her lips:

"Sir Dulcimer Drule his voice. Send me a roll of it now and then, my love, my only dear!"

He put his sword arm around her, and with his dagger hand he lifted her lips to his.

(Chapters VI—XXIX will be found in Synopsis.)

CHAPTER XXX.

Though the Spaniards were but four to one of the Englishmen, they stubbornly fought, and with a gallantry born of desperation and despair. From their castellated poops belched forth a very dragon's breath of smoke and flame, whilst from their tops fell a hellish rain of Greek fire, Roman candles, blazing tar-barrels, jagged rocks and red-hot knives.

Serene amid this hail of death, a light laugh on his lips, stood Sir Dulcimer Drule, stropping his sword upon the boot of a fallen Spaniard. And out of the reek of cannon and the murk of musketry his voice rang like a trombone:

"St. George his Merry England!"

At sound of it the English, thrice repulsed, now fell, a tidal wave, upon the foeman's decks.

The Spanish captain offered at the English leader's throat, but Sir Dulcimer ran him through the wind and wiped his blade upon the dead man's hair. He became the hub of a wheel of death—the spokes his darting blade, the rim its gleaming point.

(In Chapters XXXI and XXXII Sir Dulcimer splits and piles six cords of Spanish veterans. See Synopsis.)

CHAPTER XXXIII.

As a bout with Death was no more to Sir Dulcimer than a game at tennis, he laughed and jested as he fought.

"Ha, senor! that ball was out of bound. Another in the net! Why, thou playest like a poached egg. How like you that drop stroke, senor? Ha! wouldst wind me? That for thy lob! Game and set! . . . Well done, sweet Ned!"

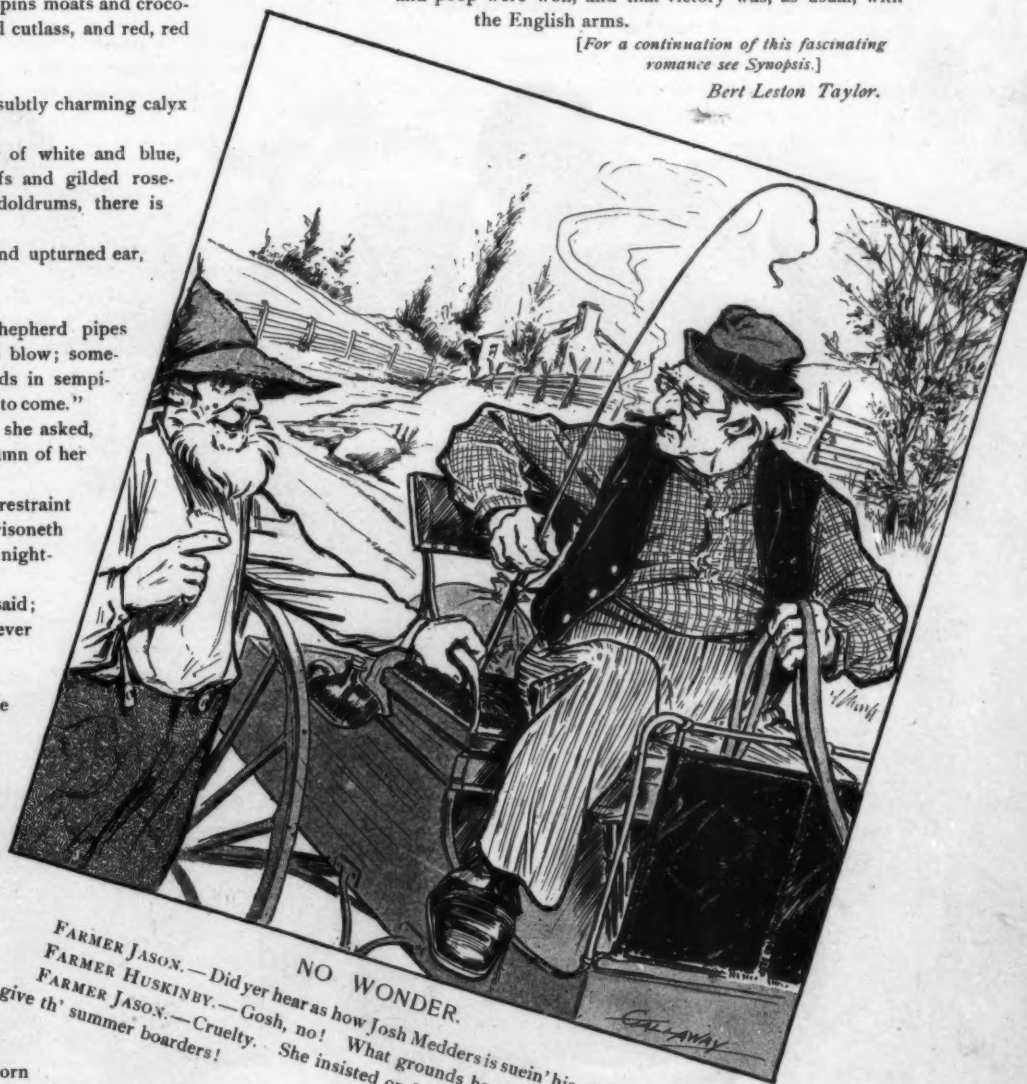
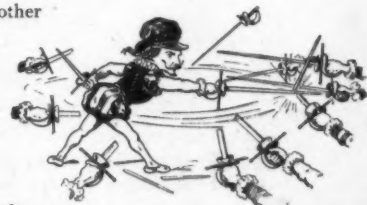
This to a slender youth that had cut his way to the loved leader's side, and was dispatching Spanish veterans right and left.

"Well played, lad, with a neat stroke. But thou yieldest position; return more with thy backhand. And do not hug the base line so, but get to the net and smash."

Master Ned, to whom Sir Dulcimer's praise was as rebellious liquors to his blood, leaped forward, but slipped and fell into a great pool of Spanish gore. As he rose to the surface wild huzzas told him that waist and poop were won, and that victory was, as usual, with the English arms.

[For a continuation of this fascinating romance see Synopsis.]

Bert Leston Taylor.



FARMER JASON.—Did yer hear as how Josh Medders is suein' his wife fer divorce.
FARMER HUSKINBY.—Gosh, no! What grounds has he got?
FARMER JASON.—Cruelty. She insisted on his eatin' th' same kind o' grub she give th' summer boarders!

NO WONDER.

In the pursuit of happiness we are apt to follow many false clues.

THE PRICE.



NE shut himself apart from men, to learn
The wisdom of the ages; through the lore
Of sages, saints and sinners gone before;
Untiringly, he sought from each in turn
The oil to make his lamp of knowledge burn.
In vain Life came and knocked upon his door.
And offered him her gifts in goodly store—
No treasure could his blinded eyes discern.

At last one day he woke, to realize
The barren waste of his grim harvesting,—
"A fool am I," he cried, "I am not wise;
I know the love of no least human thing,
There is no voice to welcome me nor bless—
Ah, Life, forgive—I reaped but loneliness!"

Charlotte Becker.

RIGHTED A WRONG.

"I SUPPOSE your gas bill is simply outrageous?" sneered the manager of the gas company, before the visitor had a chance to speak.

"You don't do justice to the bill," replied the visitor, smilingly. "Suffice it to say that after perusing the statement, I immediately hastened to the plumber, who made the connections, and apologized."

THE MOST successful alchemists now agree that the philosopher's squarish piece is a stone of plaster-of-paris, about 2 by 4 by 8 inches, and covered thinly over with gilt.



AS USUAL.

MISS OSTRICH.—I hear the late Mr. Elephant left the Guinea-pig quite a fortune.

MR. CAMEL.—Yes; but his relatives are contesting the will. They accuse the Guinea-pig of using undue influence.



HIGH BID.

The beautiful American had not expected to find his grace in reverie and she was thrown quite off her guard by the unwonted spectacle.

"A penny for your thoughts, my lord!" she exclaimed, impulsively, and almost on the instant wished the words unsaid.

"They will create the impression that I am easy money," she reflected, and blamed herself.



REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION AT CHICAGO
APPROVES ROOSEVELT'S CHOICE FOR PRESI-
DENT—UTMOST HARMONY PREVAILS—
ROOSEVELT'S SPLENDID ISOLATION.
— THE PEERLESS ONE IS
ALONE IN SPACE.

[Special dispatches from PUCK's Political War Correspondent,
Mr. Percival P. Dreamer.]

CHICAGO, June 21, 11:45 a. m.—[Bulletin.]—Theodore Roosevelt has been nominated by acclamation. Mr. Roosevelt had entire charge of the convention. All the delegates were paired, and there was not a trace of friction.

Short Story of the Day.

CHICAGO, June 21, 9:55 a. m.—The convention is ready. I am at my table, and six sharpened pencils lie before me. The delegates are in their seats, and the galleries are jammed with spectators. We are waiting for Colonel Roosevelt.



The day is dark and smoky outside, but inside the Coliseum all is electric light and harmony. Billows of bunting roll along the walls, and the Stars and Stripes proudly enwrap a large oil painting of the "greatest President since Washington." In the gallery, over the platform, the Roosevelt Brass Band, Jacob Riis leader, is rendering a strenuous program of patriotic airs. An atmosphere of enthusiasm pervades the vast assemblage.

10 a. m.—Colonel Roosevelt has just entered the hall, and a great demonstration is on. The band is playing "Hail to the Chief."

10:02 a. m.—Colonel Roosevelt paused at the press table to shake hands with your correspondent, and then fronted the convention. The demonstration is still on. Roosevelt is looking well, but there is a melancholy air about him that I have never remarked before.

10:10 a. m.—The tumult is hushed. Colonel Roosevelt is invoking a blessing.

10:20 a. m.—Colonel Roosevelt effected a temporary organization by seizing the gavel, and it was moved by a delegate from Idaho (name unknown) that the roll be called. Chairman Roosevelt suggested that the roll call be dispensed with. (Applause.)

10:25 a. m.—Colonel Roosevelt has made the temporary organization permanent, and is congratulating the convention upon its work. The band is playing "Way Down South In Booker Land."

10:30 a. m.—Chairman Roosevelt is delivering a speech. It is a great effort. I have heard every speech of importance that he has made, and this has them all beaten both ways from the saddle horn.

10:50 a. m.—Colonel Roosevelt has just said: "We live in deeds, not thoughts; in breaths, not years." The applause is deafening.

[NOTE TO EDITOR:—Will wire pregnant sayings from Roosevelt speech. Please print them in two-column box, and label them "Epigrams."]

11 a. m.—Colonel Roosevelt has just said: "Life is a battlefield." The cheering is still going on.



11:30 a. m.—Chairman Roosevelt has finished his great speech, and the Rough Riders Glee Club is singing "Four Years More of Theodore," composed for the occasion by Jacob Riis. The convention has taken up the roaring chorus:

"Four years more of Theodore,
The Fighting Ted that we adore.
From West to East
Goes up like yeast
A mighty shout for Theodore."

11:35 a. m.—The glee club is still at it.

11:40 a. m.—The house has come to order, and Chairman

Roosevelt has announced that the convention will proceed to nominate a candidate for President.

Roosevelt Is Nominated.

11:42 a. m.—Chairman Roosevelt presents the name of Theodore Roosevelt of New York, and suggests that, as all the delegates are paired, the Chairman cast ope vote for the unanimous choice of a United Republican party.

11:45 a. m.—Roosevelt is nominated by acclamation.

The scene in the hall impoverishes description. Hats and canes, coats and vests, boots and bonnets are in the air, and a specie of hysteria has everybody in its clutches except your correspondent. I am calm and collected, and writing steadily. The band is playing "Nothing to It," and Jake Riis, overcome with joy, is weeping in a bass tuba.

11:55 a. m.—I am writing this under the table. The Rough Riders Glee Club is shooting out the lights.

12 m.—The convention has adjourned to 2 p. m., and the hall is deserted except for your correspondent. I am still writing.



Mr. Dreamer Talks with Roosevelt.

I had a talk with President-elect Roosevelt before he left for his hotel. I alluded to the strange melancholy that seemed to overshadow him.

"Dreamer," he replied, gripping my hand, "I am lonely, intensely lonely; and never have I been lonelier than at this moment of triumph, with the cheers of my loyal subjects still ringing in my ears, and the prospect of a long and glorious reign before me. I am melancholy because I am isolated. A splendid isolation, you will

say, but an isolation none the less. It is the penalty of supreme greatness. You can have no conception of the loneliness of a man who has not, in all the world, his peer."

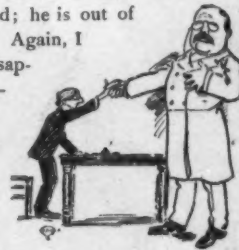
"There is Emperor William," I hazarded.

Mr. Roosevelt shook his head sadly. "At one time," he said, "I regarded William as a peer; but he has fallen behind; he is out of the running. The pace I set for him was too swift. Again, I had hopes of Joseph Chamberlain; but he, too, has disappointed me. He is a great man, but he is not a peer—not my peer. He cannot share my isolation. It is sad enough to be friendless, childless, homeless; but imagine what it must be to be peerless. You can't, Dreamer. It is beyond your feeble comprehension."

"You were alone in Cuba," I remarked, for want of something better to say.

"Yes," he answered; "and now—I am alone in space."

Percival P. Dreamer.





The Freezout Family Never Use It.



DUSTY RHODES.— President Thomas is dead right.



ANDY.— You 'll have to squeeze a little more water out of yours, Charlie.



E. B. THOMAS.— I maintain, gentlemen

PRESIDENT THOMAS



I maintain, gentlemen, that coal is not a necessity.



E. B. T.—I may even say it is only a luxury.



Natural Gas is Plentiful in the West.



CHAUNCEY M.—I certainly need none.

JOTTMAN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

THOMAS'S LITTLE JOKE.



THE END SEAT HOG.

"Move up, move up, Bill Bryan!
Move up! Make room for me!"
Says Bill: "I opine this seat is mine.
I got here first," says he.

THE GRADUATES.



ODE she wrote to cheer her classmates' parting ways;
It spoke a clarion call to noble deeds,
Blue skies, bright stars, and happy days,
And glorious hopes of earning splendid meeds.

He wrote a song of high, uplifting tone;
'T was all about the path that leads to fame;
It said man should not live by bread alone;
And all his comrades gave him great acclaim.

L'ENVOI.

The maid who wrote of starry skies,
The youth who sang of trumpet call,
She spends her time in making apple pies—
He's grubbing for the wherewithal!

E. Manton Marble.

SIGNIFICANT.

THE costly painting of Columbia and the
Nine Muses with which the lid of the
new White House piano is to be adorned
signifies more than that we are an enor-
mously rich people and not afraid to
spend.

Columbia more than any other has
made the muses the thorough business
women they are now become, instead of
the romantic old maids they were.

Indeed, with the cheaper steamer
rates from the Mediterranean ports, nobody
will be surprised if the muses presently
take up their permanent residence in New
York.

THE SILENT MAN.

A CANDIDATE when some one tried
To get his views on this and that,
Drew proudly up as he replied,
"I am a Dumb-ocrat."

THEIR HAPPY LOT.

BREEZY HEDGES.—It must be putty hard to be
poor an' strugglin'.

NEXT-HOUSE NOONAN.—That's right. Now,
't ain't half bad to be poor an' not strugglin'.



THE VERY THING.

PRESIDENT OF GIRLS' CLUB.—Well, girls, we have forty dollars in the
treasury;—how shall we spend it?

CHORUS.—Oh, let's get up a charity ball!

BEFORE THE CONVENTION.

POLITICIAN.—The trouble is that some of the candidates are not
well enough known.

CORRESPONDENT.—Yes, and others are too well known.

AT COMMENCEMENT.

"A YE, go to college, lads," cried H-arst,
And smiled with ghoulish glee.
"In learning I am not immersed,
But my degree
A. B.*
Made Me."

* Arth-r Br-sb-ne.

WAR AND SUNSPOTS.

IT is conceivable that the unusual
sunspots, affecting electrical con-
ditions, and through these the
sensibilities of irascible mankind,
brought on the war in the East.

But what is more likely is that
the attempt to heliograph dis-
patches in the Russian and Jap-
anese languages has exhausted
solar energy in a most uncommon
measure and brought on the sun-
spots.

Anyway, that the war and the
sunspots are related phenomena
seems not open to doubt.

IT is a decadent freedom which
instead of shrieking in a crisis
is content with leave to print.

THE DEPRAVED appetite is only
what might be expected, with the art of cookery holding the mirror
up in the way best calculated to get Nature thoroughly confused.



EPICUREAN.

A fastidious male cockatoo said,
"I suppose they will say I'm a deuced
Old crank to refuse to
Eat grub I'm not used to;
But I shall, and my speech will be lucid."

The fool and his money are as easily parted as the wise man and his umbrella.



Doctors Say

Drink More

Schlitz

The body requires ten glasses of fluid per day.

Most people drink less—too little to flush the body of its waste. The result is bad blood, nervousness, disease.

Then the doctor says “Drink more;” and he knows this advice to be worth more than medicine.

That’s one reason why pure beer is good for you. It leads you to drink more—gives the body more fluid. And that fluid is also a food and a tonic.

But the beer must be pure.

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There is only one mixture in London deserving the adjective superb. I will not say where it is to be got, for the result would certainly be that many foolish men would smoke more than ever; but I never knew anything to compare to it. It is deliciously mild yet full of fragrance, and it never burns the tongue. If you try it once you smoke it ever afterwards. It clears the brain and soothes the temper. When I went away for a holiday anywhere I took as much of that exquisite health-giving mixture as I thought would last me the whole time, but I always ran out. This is tobacco to live for.

My Lady Nicotine (p. 17.)

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HIS EXPERIENCE.

"Your Southern girls," said the Northerner; "are so funny. Nearly all of them say 'Yes, indeedy.'"

"Not all of them," replied the Southern youth, dismally; "some of them say 'No, indeedy.'"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

GOING BY CONTRARIES.

"Why do you think that politics were not discussed at that meeting of the distinguished statesmen?" asked the editor.

"Because," answered the alert journalist, "nobody took the trouble to say it was purely a social affair."—*Washington Star.*

SOMETIMES the people are going to church in spite of the things the preacher does to attract them.—*Ram's Horn.*

WHICH is the worse experience: To lie awake nights and be unable to sleep, or to doze off at your work when you must keep awake? Two men got to arguing this on a street corner this morning and soon had every one who passed, taking sides.—*Atchison Globe.*

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HER IMPRESSION.

LAMB.—You understand what a margin is, don't you?

MRS. LAMB.—Oh, yes. That's the money you put up and lose.

A CHRISTENING.

BACON.—There was a christening down at the Professor's house, last night.

EGBERT.—A christening? Why, what are you talking about?

BACON.—The Professor named a new microbe.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A PERPETUAL RUNNER.

They beat him out fer coroner—looked like he did n't care:
He jest laid low a season, an' he run along fer mayor;
They cleaned him up completely; but he only smiled, an' said:
"I'll be in the race fer somethin' fore the apples turn to red!

They beat him in the springtime—they cornered him in fall;
But still he kept a-runnin'—jest the liveliest of all!
An' he told 'em all the reason, as they shut the office door:—
"Ef I got what I'm a-runnin' fer, I could n't run no more!"

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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NOT WORTH CULTIVATING.

"She merely seems to pity me."

"Well, you know, pity is akin to love."

"That may be; but it's a mighty poor relation."—*Phila. Ledger.*

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"IT SHOULD BE RECOGNIZED AS AN ARTICLE OF MATERIA MEDICA."

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"I KNOW OF NO REMEDY COMPARABLE TO IT."

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HORRIBLE ENDING.

"Why do they always put the steam calliope at the end of the circus procession, Pop?"

"To show us that the worst is yet to come, my son."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

CHILDREN soon learn that the distance between the North Pole and the South Pole is not greater than that between the kin on Pa's side, and the kin on Ma's.—*Atchison Globe.*

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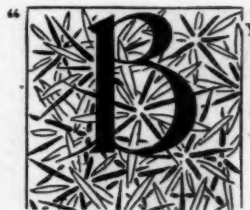
THE UNIVERSAL TARGET.

Speak kindly to the millionaire;
Perhaps he does his best.
Don't try to drive him to despair
With rude, unfeeling jest.
Don't laugh at portraits which display
His face with comic leer,
And when he gives his wealth away
Don't take it with a sneer.

Speak kindly to the millionaire,
He has a right to live
And feel the sun and breathe the air
And keep his coin or give.
You may be rich yourself, you see,
Before your life is through.
Speak kindly, and remember he
Is human, just like you.

—*Washington Star.*

FIGURES WON'T LIE.



"JOVE!" exclaimed the Ordinary Citizen, "I've just discovered that my ancestors went over to England with William the Conqueror! Not merely one of my ancestors or a couple of them, but a whole lot of them!"

"What do you mean?" asked the other man.

"Mean just what I say. And I can prove it by mathematics."

"By mathematics?"

"Yes. Just listen to me. William the Conqueror went over to England in 1066—eight hundred and thirty-eight years ago. Now, let us call a generation thirty years. Then eight hundred and thirty-eight years will be say twenty-eight generations. Very well.

"I've had two parents, four grand-parents, eight great-great-grand-parents, sixteen great-great—but you understand, of course—geometrical progression—great thing when it gets started. Now, twenty-eight generations ago, I must have had about two hundred and seventy millions of ancestors—figure them up yourself if you don't believe it. But there could not have been any more people than that in all Europe at that time. Therefore, no matter who did go over with William, they must have been my ancestors—could n't have been anybody else, because I had so many ancestors! By Jove! I don't see how you can resist the conclusion that I'm a lineal descendant of the whole Norman army!"

Wm. E. McKenna.

EASILY EXPLAINED.

"And why did you insist upon standing by Miss Sniffem all through the reception? I know you don't like her."

"Of course I don't. Didn't you notice how my new tailor suit made her's look cold and dead?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

PRESS NOTICES.

"His novel, it seems, has made a hit. Apparently it is n't necessary for a novel to be well written to be successful."

"Oh, no! It is more important that it be well written up."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

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We invite comparison, because we want you to know that

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TWO TURNS.

"He says he does n't care what turns up. He's certainly optimistic."

"Yes, and nervy. He does n't care how often he's turned down."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THERE are circumstances under which the boldest bull dog will look sheepish.—*Atchison Globe.*

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A SAFETY PLAY.

"You say your daughter plays nothing but classical music?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Cumrox. "You see it's safer. People are n't nearly so likely to notice mistakes."—*Washington Star.*

AN INDICATION OF INTEREST.

"Teacher is interested in you, Pa."

"How so?"

"Why, to-day after she had told me seven times to sit down and behave myself, she said she wondered what sort of a father I had." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

WHEN we see a child's dress that fits, we wonder if the mother waited till it was asleep to try it on, or chloroformed it. — *Atchison Globe.*



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are the original bottled Cocktails. Years of experience have made them THE PERFECT COCKTAILS that they are. Do not be lured into buying some imitation. The ORIGINAL of anything is good enough. When others are offered it is for the purpose of larger profits. Insist upon having the CLUB COCKTAILS, and take no other.

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A STRETCH OF IMAGINATION.

MRS. GOOSE, THE FLATTERER.—Really, Mrs. Hen! Whenever your son strikes that attitude, with the exception of his head, he always reminds me of that statue they call the "Winged Victory."

ALL WASTED.
"I begin to realize that there's no satisfaction in saying 'I told you so.'"
"No?"

"No; because you can never get anybody to admit they remember that you did." — *Phila. Ledger.*

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MAN cannot live by bread alone and he will not work for bread alone. — *Ram's Horn.*

A BOOT-BLACK usually has the worst looking shoes in town. — *Washington Democrat.*

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You See Them Everywhere

THE prisoner is no nearer liberty because his cage is gilded. — *Ram's Horn.*

AFTER children come, a mother does n't go to bed to sleep, but to be near them when they cry in the night. — *Atchison Globe.*



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HER GRADUATION DRESS.

When Ethel rose to speak her piece
On graduation day,
She looked upon a gorgeous class
Of girls in glad array,
And her young heart was filled with peace,
And joy, and happiness,
Because she knew they envied her
Her graduation dress.

And so she made her little bow,
And said her little say,
The envy of the gorgeous class
Of girls in glad array.
No one recalls a word she said,
But even now, I guess,
Those girls could tell you all about
That graduation dress.

—Somerville Journal.

ODD.

"That's Brightley; he raised quite a fortune on a patent mud scraper."

"He does n't look very prosperous."
"No; he afterward sunk it all in a skyscraper."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

THE ABSENT-MINDED MAN.

"Poor old Professor Dremmer went home the other night and he knew there was something he wanted to do, but he couldn't think what it was."

"And did n't he remember it at all?"

"Oh! yes, after thinking about two hours he realized that he had wanted to go to bed early."

BROODING over troubles but hatches new broods.—*Ram's Horn*.

If it was n't for your troubles, you could n't keep awake half the time.—*Atchison Globe*.

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"There was a spelling-bee at our church the other week, and it was really remarkable."

"You mean the knowledge of the contestants was remarkable?"

"Oh, not especially; I refer to the fact that 'phthisic' was not one of the words given out."—*Phila. Ledger*.

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A HOPELESS CASE.

"A great big able-bodied man like you ought to be ashamed to ask a stranger for money," said the well-to-do citizen.

"I know I ought," answered Meandering Mike. "But, Mister, I'm jes' naturally too kind-hearted to tap 'im on de head and take it away from him."—*Washington Star*.

DOG CADDIES.

"What do you think of this idea of having dogs for caddies?" asked the old golfer.

"It's a good idea," replied a beginner; "the dogs can't laugh at you."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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DELICATE SCORN.

"I observe that you invariably praise your rivals," said one actress.

"Yes," answered the other. "It's the wisest thing to do. It sounds magnanimous and also conveys the impression that you do not consider them worth being jealous of."—*Washington Star*.

THE MISFORTUNES OF BR'ER WILLIAMS.

"Br'er Williams is de mos' onluckiest sinner on de top side er de airth!"

"What happen' ter 'im now?"

"Climbed a tree ter git a 'possum; harricane come 'long en blowed de tree down des in time fer de bailiff ter level on him en de 'possum!" — *Atlanta Constitution*.

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Jack Spratt took Anti-Fat,
His wife took Anti-Lean,
And so to-day the both of them
Are sleeping in the green.
—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

DISTURBED HIS SLUMBERS.

"Wake up, John!" cried the Billville matron. "Thar's a big king-snake coiled up at yer feet!"

"How often have I told you, Molly," said the man, sitting up in bed, and rubbing his eyes, "to never wake me fer nuthin' less than a ten-foot rattle-snake."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

DIRECTING HIM.

"Good evening," said thirsty Finnegan, looking in at Flanagan's door. "What d'ye want?" asked Flanagan, who was weary of appeasing Finnegan's thirst.

"Nothin'," replied Finnegan. "Well, ye'll find it in the bottle where the whiskey was."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

An amateur never begins to hear the real facts about the show until a month after it is over.—*Atchison Globe*.

BEING rich is a relative term, after all. A boy with a dime is sometimes richer than a man with a million dollars.—*Somerville Journal*.

A black and white cartoon illustration. In the upper right, a man in a suit and hat is falling into a large, dark, swirling hole that resembles a giant's foot or a trap. A small, patterned object is falling from his pocket. The scene is framed by a simple border.

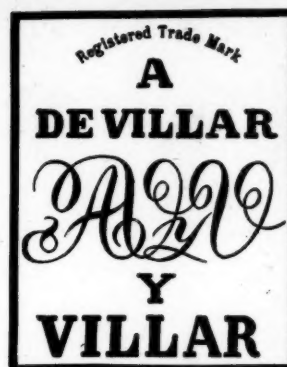
A black and white illustration. In the upper half, a woman with long dark hair, wearing a wide-brimmed hat and a long, flowing dress with a small, repeating pattern, is depicted in a floating or falling position. Below her, a large, dark, swirling mass, resembling a giant worm or a thick, dark cloud, dominates the lower half of the frame. A small, patterned object, similar to the woman's dress, is falling from the top of this mass. The background is a light, textured grey. On the right side, there is a vertical border with a dark, repeating pattern. In the top left corner, there is a small, dark, rectangular object with a lighter, patterned interior.

VI.
For she suddenly found that she loved him, at least in a summerish way. And they sat on the sand until twilight, and he met her again the next day.



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